

# OIKEWELLIAN TOIKE

January 19, 1984

## Winston Goes to Skule

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Skule, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the doors of VICTORY HEADQUARTERS, the building twice destroyed by fire and once called Sandford Fleming.

The hallways were covered with large, hideous posters. On them was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. "SAC IS WATCHING YOU", the caption beneath it read. "Bullshit", Winston thought.

At the end of the hallway was a large entrance way above which was the single word ENGSOX. Several years had passed, perhaps as many as ten, since ENGSOX had occupied a small corner in the basement of the building. Now ENGSOX was headquarters to the Brotherhood, a clandestine organization ready to overthrow the Inner Party at any moment. Winston hastily purchased a case of VICTORY BEER, opened a bottle and gulped it down like a dose of medicine. "BEER IS ONLY RENTED" read the sign pasted haphazardly to the wall.

Winston wandered back out into the gusty street. The university looked bleak as always. The wind blew discarded *Varsity* newspapers about the pavement. Nearby, shivering premeds were holding yet another Junior Anti-

SAC League meeting, facing east and praying to their mecca, the Medical Sciences building. The building had only recently been renamed the Ministry of Hippocrates, and was a place impossible to enter except by dirtying one's knees or falsifying MCAT scores. Unbeknownst to these poor souls, Minihippo was anything but a mecca of medical knowledge. Students inside were forced, twenty four hours a day, to memorize trivial facts that normal human beings neither needed nor cared to know.

There were two other ministries in what was known with a nudge and a wink as the "Harvard of the North." These were the Ministry of Truth (Minitruht) and the Ministry of Colleges and Universities (Minicow).

In the north, the Ministry of Truth towered vast and ugly above the grimy landscape. It was an enormous bird-like structure of glittering white concrete. From the street, Winston recalled, one could just read the three spray-painted slogans of the party:

WAR IS PLACE  
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
IGNORANCE IS SAC

The Ministry of Truth contained many departments. The Fiction Department was where Winston often worked. It was here that lab reports were recalled and rewritten again and again, to be reissued without any admission that alterations had been made.

Naturally, the thought police (once called the Faculty) were unaware of this covert process, as were those semi-intelligent beings who spoke a language only barely resembling English (*tutorspeak*), such *doublepeak* came easily to Winston. There was but one thought that Winston couldn't manage to distort; that was the idiom SAC SUX. Yes, a truth remained.

As he walked, Winston surveyed the wasteland around him. Scattered about the campus were three buildings of similar appearance and size — the megacolleges, Years before, such *uncolleges* as New, Innis and the hall college, Woodsworth, had amalgamated to become one large nondescript conglomerate. This collection of mediocrity occupied one of the three buildings. The second building housed St. U.C., once known separately as St. Mike's and University Colleges. It was here that the proles could gorge on such gastronomic delights and spaghetti and lax on a bagel, and mortadella blintzes. Winston shuddered as he envisioned the pathetic faces bent over their steaming dishes of *prolefeed*.

He laughed though as he considered the third building, known as Polo College. It had been established when the heads of old Trinity and Victoria Colleges, Buffy and Skip, realized that only through amalgamation could they preserve their status as the largest consumer of designer clothing at Holt Renfrew and Creeds.

Suddenly, Winston's reverie was broken. "I have to take a wicked leak," he thought. Ahead of him was an ornate, overpowering building. The Ministry of Colleges and Universities. Winston climbed the stairs and pulled at the towering door. "Down the hall to the right," the fat lady said. Almost crying in *doublepluspain* he fumbled through his pockets for the precious quarter that would gain him entry into the cubicle. This particular stall was the one place where Winston could think without fear of the telescreens or the thought police.

Winston gazed at the *thoughtcrime* scrawled desparately on the walls around him: "University requires funds: diplomas for sale," "Big Bette is watching you!". No one, it seemed, dared to openly resist the powerful Ministry of Colleges and Universities, a tightly run organization responsible for *underfunding*. Or was it *doubleplusunderfunding*? Winston couldn't remember. He wondered if the universities had ever had the funds they needed.

With the resolve born of relief, Winston quickly buttoned his trousers and strode off to rouse the student body from its apathetic stupor to fight the menace of underfunding. "Without adequate funding, their education will be useless", he thought. "For that they could all go to York. We can change things! We must!.. Then again," he sighed as he entered Victory Headquarters once more, "maybe I'll just go back to room 101 and have another beer."

## Tutorspeak

*Tutorspeak* is the official language of all of Socceania and was devised to meet the idiotological needs of Eng Soc., The Engineering Society. All university tutorial quizzes, lab reports and midterms are written in it. It is expected that *Tutorspeak* will finally supercede *Artspeak* by about the year 2050. Meanwhile, it gains ground steadily. All inner Party members (Engineers) tend to use *Tutorspeak* words and grammatical constructions more and more in their everyday speech. The version now in use and embodied in the ninth and tenth editions of the *Tutorspeak Dictionary* (a.k.a. *CALCULUS with Analytic Geometry* by Earl W. Swokowski) is a provisional one and contains many superfluous words and archaic formations (e.g. "slide rule") which will be suppressed later. It is with this final perfected version, as embodied in the Eleventh edition of the Dictionary, that we are concerned here.

The purpose of *Tutorspeak* is not only to provide a medium of expression for the analytic and sexual habits proper to the devotees of Skule, but to make all other modes of thought impossible. It is intended that when *Tutorspeak* has been adopted once and for all and *Artspeak* forgotten, a heretical thought —

that is, a wrong answer, stupid question or an artistic bullshit philosophical idea — should be literally unthinkable, at least so far as thought is dependent on words. The vocabulary is so constructed as to give exact and often very subtle expressions to every meaning that either inner or outer (other non-Artsies) Party members could properly wish to express, while excluding all other meanings. This is done partly by the invention of new words, but chiefly by eliminating undesirable words and by stripping such words as remain of unorthodox meanings. To give a single example, the word "fuck" exists in *Tutorspeak*, but it can only be used in such statements as "I want fuck you" or "What doubleplusgood fuck Saturday unday I haved!" It cannot be used in its old sense as in "Gee did I get fucked good on that exam!" or "What the fuck is going on in PSY 100?"

*Tutorspeak* was designed not to extend but to diminish the range of thought to that compatible with the ideas of Skule. This purpose was indirectly assisted by cutting the choice of words down to a minimum. Have you ever wondered why so many tutors sound like they just keep repeating the same words over and over again?

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Yours ignorantly,  
Melvin Bigotter









# George Orwell



**BL:** ...why was I ever horn...

## Across from the Cafeteria

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# Big Brother's Joikes

The minister was out for his Wednesday golf game when he saw another lone golfer at the tee. The other fellow invited him to join him for the round and the minister quickly agreed. All was going well until the third hole when the minister's partner missed a six inch putt. "Goddammit! I missed!" cursed the man. The minister gritted his teeth but said nothing. The game proceeded amiably for two more holes until the fellow botched another easy putt. "Goddamn sonofabitch! I missed again!" This time the minister had to say something. "Young man. Don't you think you should watch your mouth around a man of the Church? It's just a game after all," admonished the reverend. The man mumbled an apology, but three holes later exploded again. "Dammit-tohell, I missed again," he yelled. "I'm warning you right now," said the minister. "One more outburst like that and I'll use my godly authority to ensure that you clean up your act for good!" The loudmouth mumbled something incoherent and the game continued. On the eighteenth green, tensions were running high with the minister ahead by one stroke when his rude partner blew another easy putt. "Goddamnsonofabitch! I missed another bloody putt!" cursed the man. "That's it!" exclaimed the minister. "I call upon God in all his glory to strike you down you miserable sinner!" With this, thunderclouds gathered and rumbled ominously as the loudmouth shrank into his clothes. Then a bolt of lightning split the air and left a pile of ashes where the minister had stood just moments before. As the lone golfer looked on, bewildered, a deep voice rumbled from the clouds. "Sonofabitch! Missed again!"

An elderly lady walks into a hardware store in search of hinges for her cupboard doors. After assisting her, the handsome young salesman inquires, "Do you want a screw for that hinge?"

"No," the old woman grins mischievously, "but I'll blow you for that toaster over there."

Jack and Jill worked for an engineering firm that was having a slow year. The president of the company, realizing that he would have to lay off some of his employees, settled on a simple method of choosing the unfortunates. His plan was to wait by the water fountain and dismiss all those employees who used it.

As luck would have it, Jill awoke the next morning with a splitting headache. By the middle of the day she could hear it no longer and went to the water fountain to take an aspirin. The president gently pulled her aside and explained, "Jill, due to our present difficulties I am going to have to lay you or Jack off."

Before he could finish Jill replied, "Well, you'r gonna have to jack off 'cause I've got a headache!"

An artsie from York, worried about the small size of his penis, went to consult a psychic. After hearing his story, the psych told him "I've put an ancient spell on your dick. Every time that someone asks your pardon today, your prick will grow an inch!" Later that day, overjoyed, the artsie bumped into a fellow artsie on campus. "I beg your pardon! said the other. and Sprong! There was an extra inch! Not believing his luck the artsie spotted an approaching Visa student and casually jostled him. "I'm so sorry," said the Arab, "A thousand pardons!"

Q: Why did Got invent women?

A: Sheep don't do the wash.

A Newfie and Scotsman died and went to heaven where they met St. Peter waiting for them at the gate. "I'm sorry guys, but I'm afraid I have only one more vacancy," said St. Peter. "To make things fair, I'll give each of you half an hour to compose a poem. The one who comes up with the better poem gets to enter heaven while the other guy has to go down to the other place. And to make things a little more interesting, you have to include the word *Timbuktu* in each of your poems."

So off they went, composed their poems and returned a short while later. "All right," said St. Peter and pointed to the Scotsman. "Let's hear yours first." "Fine," said the Scotsman and proceeded to read his poem:

'I sat upon the crystal sand  
And gazed into a distant land  
A caravan came into view  
Its destination Timbaktu.'

Everybody was impressed, especially the Newfie. "Well," said the Newfie, "I don't think mine is as good, but wbat the hell, I'll give it a shot. Here's my poem:"

'Tim and I a campin' went

Met three women in a tent

They was three and we was two

So I bucked one and Tim bucked two.

ELEC No.1: So how was your blind date last night, Ron?

ELEC No.2: Geez, don't remind me!

ELEC No.1: What was the problem? Was she a dog?

ELEC No.2: Are you kidding?! She was so ugly that when she was born they slapped her mother's face!

ELEC No.1: That bad, eh?

ELEC No.2 Christ! Even Richard Dawson wouldn't kiss her!

An engineer was telling his buddy about the time he was caught with another man's wife.

"...and when I heard the key in the door, I knew I was in trouble."

"I bet! So what did you do?"

"I jumped out the window and hung onto the ledge."

"Well, did he find you?"

"Yeah. He took the garbage pail and emptied it over my head."

"Geez! I bet that pissed you off, eh?"

"No, not really. After that he broke a flower pot over my head."

"Ouch! I bet that pissed you off!"

"Nope. But I'll tell you when I really got pissed off."

When?"

"When I looked down and saw that my god-dam feet were only six inches off the ground!"

Professor Yawn was lecturing when a student, arriving late, allowed a dog to slip into the classroom. The professor turned to the dog and said, smiling at his own wit, "We'll let you stay if you sit down and behave like the rest of the students."

Obediently the dog sauntered over to a warm corner, curled up and went soundly to sleep.

There was a flash flood in a small Irish fishing village. Everybody fled to higher ground except the priest who vowed to stay with his church in the belief that the Lord Almighty would protect him. The water had run to knee level when a fisherman in a rowboat passed the church and shouted "Father, come with me to safety!"

"No thankyee. I'll be puttin' me faith in the Lord," the priest sbouted back.

The water eventually rose to shoulder level. Along came a Coastguard cutter which bellowed out through its loud speaker, "Father, we will rescue you!"

"No thankyee, I'll be puttin' me faith in the Lord," repeated the wet but devout cleric.

The flood waters kept rising and rising until the priest, balancing on the top of the church steeple, could just barely keep his head above the water. A helicopter arrived and the pilot implored, "Please Father, grab onto the ladder and I will lift you to safety!"

"No, thankyee I'll be puttin' me faith in the Lord," the priest confidently replied.

The water rose some more and finally the poor priest drowned. Upon his arrival at the pearly whites, he asked God. "Lord, didn't you save me?"

God angrily replied, "What the bell did you want? I sent a row boat, then the Coastguard."